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As Performed at all the London Theatres

Good Night's Rest

Embellished with
A SCENIC ILLUSTRATION

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A Good Night's Rest.

NOBBINGTON Anything the matter?—

STRANGER A light in my wife's chamber! look! (*The two shadow's embrace*)
Act I. Scene I.

Duncombe's Edition

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST:

OR,

TWO IN THE MORNING!

A F A R C E,

IN

One Act.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE,

Authoress of the Prize Comedy of "Quid pro Quo."

**THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
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THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND
DIRECTIONS**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE
LONDON Theatres.**

**EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING
By Mr. J. Flodday, from a Drawing taken expressly in the Theatre.**

**LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE,
10, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Snobbington *Mr. W. Bennett*
Stranger *Mr. J. Lee*

First produced at the New Strand Theatre, July, 1839.
Time in Representation, 30 minutes.

COSTUME.

Snobbington—Coloured morning gown, black small clothes,
white stockings, slippers, white night-cap.
Stranger—Brown body coat, plaid (black and white) trousers,
blue waistcoat.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

SCENE—*A Bed Room in a Lodging House, with a large Window, c. commanding a view of the opposite House. On one side a tent Bed, on the other a Fireplace with Coalscuttle and clothes horse. near it an Easy Chair. Table with Candles, Newspapers, &c., &c.*

SNOBBINGTON *discovered asleep in a dressing gown : a violent knocking at the opposite house.*

Snob. (*Waking.*) Hillo ! what the deuce is that ? Come in — [*Pause.*] Nobody ! I fancy I fell asleep over the newspaper, and have been dreaming in my easy chair. Bad thing to sleep in one's chair—spoils one's rights rest ; and when a man's rest's broke, there's an end of him. However, since I left my noisy quarters in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and taken lodgings here in the *quiet, rural, retirement* of Somers Town, I hav'n't had much to complain of.— [*Stretching and yawning*] If that deuced debate hadn't made me so drowsy. I should have been in bed these two hours. [*Winds up his watch.*] And now to make myself amends, [*Blows out one candle, and removes the other to the bedside.*] I'll step into bed, and [*Turns down the clothes.*] make sure of a good night's rest ! [*Is about to throw off his dressing gown, when the knock is repeated.*] God bless my soul ! it made me jump out of my skin ! — [*Knock*] The gentleman's in a hurry. One would think the house was on fire ! [*Knock.*] This is beyond a joke ! — [*Knock.*] A perfect nuisance ! [*Knock.*] A regular pest ! I wasn't aware of having such disorderly neighbours. [*Knock*] 'Tis some obstropolous single gentleman returning late from the Opera, and locked out by his landlady. [*Knock.*] If it

goes on, I hope I mayn't be tempted to throw a jug of water out upon his head! I hired these lodgings in a street that called itself 'No Thoroughfare,' for the express purpose of living snug, and being sure of my night's rest, and I call this a regular imposition! I'll give notice to quit to-morrow morning! [*Knocks*] But what's to become of me for the rest of my quarter? [*Goes to window.*] The noise is just opposite. [*Knock*] I'll give the fellow my opinion of his conduct. [*Throws open the window, and addresses a person in the street.*] Pray, sir, do you call this behaving like a gentleman? I say, sir, do you call this behaving like a gentleman?

Stranger. Mind your own business and be hanged to you!

Snob. [*Aside.*] He won't stand being bullied, that's a clear case. Suppose I try the effect of a little neighbourly exhortation? [*Cajolingly*] But don't you think, my dear sir, you could manage to knock a *leetle* more softly?

Stran. Don't you think, my dear sir, you could manage to go to sleep, and leave me to settle my family affairs?—
[*Knocks*]

Snob. Manage to go to sleep? This is adding insult to injury! Sir, I'd have you to know——

Stran. You'd have me to know? Pray who are you, and where——

Snob. The second floor of number twelve.

Stran. Then, Mr. Second-floor, I recommend you to shut your window, and hold your tongue!

Snob. With all my heart, if you'll promise to go quietly into your house, and not disturb other people's rest?

Stran. Go quietly into my house? Which way, pray? Down the chimney? Don't you see that I'm locked out?—
[*Knocks.*]

Snob. No, but I hear it. [*Knock.*] Lord! lord! what a persecution. [*Knock.*] Now, my dear sir—be patient! be advised! Your servant is probably asleep—(everybody's asleep in the street—'tis an early neighbourhood.) Give him time to put on his things, there's a good fellow. Good night! [*Closes the window—coughs.*] I've certainly caught cold. The night-air will bring on a relapse of my catarrh. But all's quiet now—the gentleman seems to have succeeded. All I've got to do is to step into bed—get into a gentle perspiration, and enjoy a good night's rest. [*Arranges his bed—knock repeated very loud*] 'Pon my life this is carrying matters too far! [*Runs in a passion, and throws open the*

windows.] Sir, if you persist in this unmannerly conduct, I will certainly call the Police !

Stran. Call and be——

Snob. Your proceedings are a disgrace to this peaceful, respectable neighbourhood !

Stran. A fig for your peaceful, respectable neighbourhood ! I've no great opinion of it.

Snob. (Loud.) Say that again, and I'll indict you before the quarter sessions !

Stran. Hold your noise—hold your noise !

Snob. That's just what I've been begging *you* to do for the last half hour But you have no respect for the decencies of life !

Stran. Don't talk to *me* about the decencies of life ! I should like to see *you* locked out of house and home at two o'clock in the morning, when 'tis raining cats and dogs over your head !

Snob. Does it rain ?

Stran. Pours !

Snob. If an umbrella would be of any service——

Stran. Confound your umbrella ! [*Knocks again without intermission*]

Snob. A running fire ! my head aches ready to split. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels ! I'd as soon pass the night in a Dover packet. What *can* the Police be about ? [*Looks out.*] Pray, sir, how long is this charming serenade to continue ?

Stran. Till they open the door. Would you have me stand tamely to be rained upon, like a cow in a paddock, or the gilt statue in Leicesterfields ? [*Knocks.*]

Snob. A thought strikes me. I'm *rayther* particular in general about admitting strangers ; but—[*Knock.*] there really seems no alternative. [*Takes off his night cap.*] Sir ! would you do me the honour to step in ?

Stran. Into where ?

Snob. My apartments. You will be glad, perhaps, of shelter from the rain, [*Aside.*] and I of a moment's respite from your cursed rat-a-tat-te-rat !

Stran. Sir, you're vastly obliging.

Snob. (Aside.) 'Tis my only chance of securing a comfortable night's rest : my only chance.

Stran. Before I accept your offer, I'll just make a last attempt.

Snob. (Eagerly.) No, not a rap ! I'll throw you out the

key of the door, and give you houseroom till morning ; or you may enjoy your ducking and your own way ; and when the patrol comes round, as I'm a living man, I'll give you into custody !

Stran. He's getting wicked. The second-floor ? Well, of two bad things I choose the best. So, out with your key, my fine fellow, and shew a light on the staircase.

Snob. (Throwing the key.) The second floor to the street. Make no noise, and don't tumble over the door mat. 'Pon my life, this is a rash proceeding of mine ! I don't know what the landlady and the other lodgers will say : they're *rayther* particular. But I'm so plaguy sleepy, I'd give half a crown to secure the remainder of my night's rest. [*Going to the door—noise without*] There ! I knew he'd tumble over the back dining room's boots, which are always left out to be cleaned. [*Opens the door with the candles in his hand. Enter STRANGER, impatiently.*] Softly, softly ! you'll disturb the house.

Stran. The house indeed ! a pretty house it is if I'm to judge by the staircase. I'd as soon climb into a hay loft—a fine break neck concern ! [*Feels his shins.*]

Snob. (Putting down the candle.) Please to shut the door, my good sir—I'm *rayther* particular about draughts.

Stran. (Not attending goes to the window, and throws it open.) By jingo ! exactly opposite my own lodgings !—There's a coincidence ! [*Snobbington shuts the door sulkily.*] Why, you've a full command of my room ?

Snob. (Aside.) I wish I had of my own.

Stran. (Not hearing.) I beg your pardon ?

Snob. I said, I supposed you were one of the lodgers at number twenty-two. [*Stranger not attending turns round—Snobbington closes the window behind him.*]

Stran. It wouldn't be believed in a novel.

Snob. What ? your getting admitted into my house ?

Stran. No, my being locked out of my own. Allow me to ask you, now, as a man of honour. Do you think they heard me knock ?

Snob. If they didn't, lord ha' mercy on their ears !

Stran. Then it must have been malice prepense ! I can put up with an *affront* like another man, but I can't stand malice prepense. To shut the door of my peaceful home upon me on a night when you might launch a gunbrig in the kennel. I'm positively wet to the skin ! [*Shakes himself—Snobbington takes a towel from the clothes-horse, and wipes the floor.*]

Snob. [*Aside.*] Drips like a water spaniel. [*Aloud, still mopping.*] I'm rayther particular about damp.

Stran. [*Sprinkling the floor as he moves.*] I might as well have passed the evening in the New River! [*Sees Snob mopping the floor.*] What the dickens are you about?

Snob. As I said before—I'm rayther particular about——

Stran. [*Not attending, takes off his coat and squeezes it.*] Not a dry thread about me! [*Snob brings on a mop—Stranger laughs, aside.*] What an old maidish creature! He's as afraid of wetting his feet as a tabby cat.

Snob. [*Aside.*] I give it up! the place is in a perfect sop. [*Puts away the mop, and throws himself panting into a chair.*]

Stran. [*At the window.*] No lights stirring yonder. I begin to think she must be asleep.

Snob. I beg your pardon, sir, but——

Stran. [*Not listening.*] Sometimes the buzzing of a blue-bottle will wake her up—and to have returned no answer to all my knocking. Knocks, "*et preterea nihil!*" There's mischief at the bottom of it, and I'll get to the bottom of the mischief. [*Paces the room.*]

Snob. [*Aside.*] Does he mean to walk the quarter-deck all night, I wonder? [*Rises, and follows him.*] Sir, my watch goes with the Horse Guards. It is now nearly three in the morning. Would you have any particular objection to allow me to go to sleep?

Stran. [*Scarcely attending.*] Not in the least. Past three o'clock? and I'm usually in bed by eleven. I can't abide losing my hearty sleep. [*Tries to make a bootjack of the hair.*] Hav'n't you got such a thing as a bootjack in this damned house? [*Throws his damp coat on the bed, and while he is arranging the pillow, Snob snatches it off.*]

Snob. I beg pardon! I'm rayther particular about sleeping alone.

Stran. So am I! Is it possible, sir, that you have not got second bed?

Snob. If you're not satisfied, sir, you're at perfect liberty

Stran. Hang your apologies! I always takes things as I find them, as the fellow said when he picked up the ten pound note. To think of shutting my own door in my face; and in a pelting, pitiless storm. King Lear was a fool to it!

Snob. [*Losing patience.*] Come, come, sir—grumbling won't mend the matter. The night's wearing apace, and I'm

as tired as a dog ! Let's make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. I'm just stepping into bed ; and there's an easy chair yonder, in which, for once in a way, you may enjoy a good night's rest.

Stran. Sleep in an easy chair ? Ay, easy enough to say, "sleep." However, I don't want to raise difficulties. Can't you lend me some trifling matters to throw over my shoulders ? I'm subject to lumbago. [*Snob pretending not to hear, rolls himself in his dressing gown and lies down, while the Stranger takes a coat from a peg, and puts it on.*] How wonderful wide you must be across the shoulders, old fellow !

Snob. (*Looking out of bed.*) My Sunday coat ! I beg pardon—I'm *rayther* particular about that coat.

Stran. So am I about mine—but you see it's so wringing wet, I'm obliged to have recourse to this old pea.

Snob. Let me beg of you not to let the sleeves hang down on the damp floor. [*Aside*] I begin to repent having invited this impudent fellow into my house. But it can't be helped now—I've only to make the best of it. [*Sits on the bed.*] I'll thank you, sir, when you're settled, to put out the light. I'm *ryather* particular about fire.

Stran. You're a single man, then, I presume ?

Snob. (*Who is beginning to lie down.*) Have you any particular motive for asking ?

Stran. (*Pacing the room, again.*) A bachelor ! free from the thralldom, the perils and dangers of matrimonial life.—Sir, you're a happy man ! [*Continues to pace the room.*]

Snob. (*Groaning.*) If you call this happiness——

Stran. While I——

Snob. Sir, if you continue to trot over the course in that outrageous manner, you'll wake the first floor—a young lady, sir, who came to lodge here only yesterday.

Stran. Enough, enough—if a lady's in the case. [*Takes a chair and bangs it down.*] Though that ungrateful sex is the origin of my present predicament.

Snob. Good God, sir, have you no nerves ?

Stran. I beg pardon. My impetuosity is apt to run away with me.

Snob. (*Aside.*) If it would only run away with you out of my house.

Stran. (*Continuing.*) And though as peaceful a man, when unprovoked, as any living, still, sir, the sense of injury—
[*Bangs the chair again.*]

Snob. I'm *rayther* particular about my furniture. [*A knocking on the ceiling.*] There, sir! there's the front-attic in a pucker at your kicking up such a deuce of a row.— [*Aside.*] What could possess me to bring this rumpageous fellow into the house? [*The Stranger, absorbed in his own reflections, has thrown open the window.*] But how vastly cold it has turned all of a sudden. Sir, as you're up, would you oblige me by throwing something over the bed?

Stran. (*At the window.*) Yes, faithless Clementina! *here* do I take up my post for the night. Cold, cold, unfeeling woman! [*Gesticulates.*]

Snob. I say, sir, *would* you oblige me by—[*Draws back the curtain, and sees the window open.*] This is too much! Do you mean to be the death of me? Didn't I tell you I was labouring under a catarrh?

Stran (*Not listening.*) Here will I watch over thy proceedings!

Snob. Once for all, sir, if you don't shut the window this very moment——[*About to get out of bed*]

Stran. (*Closing the window.*) Don't trouble yourself, my good friend. Pray make no stranger of me. I beg you will feel yourself perfectly at home.

Snob. (*Aside.*) I'm in for it! 'tis useless to put oneself in a passion.

Stran. Indebted to your hospitality for my night's lodging. I'm bound, you know, to put up with your little whims and fancies; [*Aside.*] though I must say you've *rayther* more odd ways than any old sprig of a bore I ever came across in my life!

Snob. (*Rolling himself round.*) Good night to you, then. I'll try, if possible, to get a wink of sleep! [*Yawns.*]

Stran. (*Seated in the chair by the fire.*) Have you lived long, pray, in this street? [*No answer. Louder.*] I asked, sir, whether you had lived long in this neighbourhood?— Yes, did you say? Then by Jove, you're the very man I'm in want of! [*Goes to the bed, and draws open the curtain suddenly.*] I feel that I must open my heart to you! Sir, you behold the most injured of the human race! [*Gives a violent thump on the head of the bed.*] You're to know that— [*Thumps again—Snobbington groans.*]

Snob. Stop one minute——

Stran. What's the matter?

Snob. I'm getting up. If I sit nearer, perhaps you won't talk quite so loud. [*Takes off his night cap.*] Since you are de-

terminated I shan't enjoy my night's rest, let me at least enjoy my chimney-corner.

Stran. Now this is what I call being sociable!

Snob. You've waked me into such a fit of the fidgets, that I'm as active as a squirrel. [*Places another chair.*]

Stran. (*Lighting the second candle.*) If you could but imagine how I long for the break of day.

Snob. Not more than I do! [*Blows out the first candle.—Aside.*] It would make too much of a rumpus in the house, if I were to turn him out in the middle of the night. [*Stranger puts on coals.—Aloud.*] Making up the fire?

Stran. (*In a narrative tone.*) As I told you before, my dear friend, I have the misfortune to be a married man.

Snob. (*Taking the coal scuttle.*) You never said any such thing, that I remember.

Stran. (*As before.*) My marriage was one of those favourite blunders called a love match. How deucedly your chimney smokes?

Snob. Proceed, sir—proceed.

Stran. (*As before.*) Three months after the event—Supposing I were to open the window?

Snob. Three months after your marriage, you say—

Stran. Ay—between three and four months. Pray, sir, are you acquainted with Ealing?

Snob. Ealing, sir? I was born there.

Stran. You have the advantage of me. I am a native of the other extremity of Middlesex, to wit—I am the production of Brentford. [*Mechanically lights the second candle.*] Nevertheless, to Ealing is attached the most heart-rending recollection of my life. [*Puts on more coals.*] I forget whether I told you I was married?

Snob. Yes, yes—go on! [*Takes the coal scuttle from him, and carries it to the other end of the room.*]

Stran. When I first beheld my future wife—[*Snob. blows out the first candle.*—] I was aware that she had already smiled upon a spoon of a fellow—(that's the worst of it! the poor soul has a trick of smiling upon people—'tis her weak side.)

Snob. The deuce it is! Ahem! I begin, then, to understand the nature of your sorrow.

Stran. (*Rising gravely.*) I trust, sir, you intend no unhandsome insinuations?

Snob. None in the world—none in the world. [*Stranger sits down.*] You left off at the "spoon of a fellow"—

Stran. An obstacle which served only to kindle a two-fold

Same. [*Lights the candle.*] I learned that my rival had been ten days absent.

Snob. [*Growing interested.*] Ten days ? [*Sighs.*] A critical period, sir. I at least, once found it so myself !

Stran. Profiting by his negligence, I pushed my suit so briskly, that almost before I knew what I was about, I had placed the nuptial ring upon the finger of my charmer. This fire don't burn—[*Is about to thrust in some paper, which he has taken from the table.*]

Snob. Excuse me—[*Takes it away.*] —'tis the receipt for my last quarter's rent.

Stran. My rival, meanwhile, kept aloof ; aware that if he fell in my way, I might be tempted to annihilate him into nothingness—[*Crushes a bundle of pens on the table.*—thus !

[Snob. groans.] But why dwell upon a single rival ? Wedded to a woman of such unbounded sensibility—[*Takes a stick of sealing-wax from the table.*—I soon recognised the fragility of—

Snob. [*Trying to take away the wax*] Excuse me—[*They struggle—the wax breaks in half.*]

Stran. But what makes you so red ?

Snob. [*Angrily.*] Impatience, sir—[*Coolly.*]—impatience, to hear the rest of your interesting narrative.

Stran. Sympathetic man ! Well, sir, as I was saying—I happened to be absent from home—at Brentford—on family business—

Snob. [*Aside.*] Incoherent blockhead !

Stran. Having concluded which to my satisfaction, I wrote to acquaint my wife that she might be in hourly expectation of my return. [*Takes the penknife, and fences with it*] In order to defy the blunders of the post office, I confided my letter to—[*Snob. seizes the knife, and places it further off.*]—a private hand. Never while you live confide a letter to a private hand.—[*Takes the watch and examines the works.*]—very few people are to be trusted with such matters.

Snob. I'm rayther particular about my watch. [*Puts it on the chimney piece.*]

Stran. Well, sir—I quitted Brentford on this evening's coach—[*Takes the paper knife.*]—expecting that on my arrival at my own door, an affectionate wife would fling herself to my arms, supper ready on the table, and everything comfortable, instead of which—[*Dashes down the paper knife and breaks it.*]—you know the rest ! My heart is broken !

Snob. [*Picking up the pieces. Aside.*] Would it were your

head! [*While he is placing the fragments on the chimney piece the Stranger takes his chair. Aloud.*] Well, sir—I trust it may appear that the lady never received your letter of advice. Time will show. And now, as I've heard your story patiently to an end, I must beg you will allow me, in return, the remainder of my night's rest.

Stran. Your night's rest? Why 'twill be daylight in an hour! Never mind—turn in! Stand on no ceremony—this is Liberty Hall.

Snob. (Aside.) I feel monstrous chilly. My bed must be cold by this time. Supposing I give it a turn with the warming pan? [*Takes down the pan, fills it with coals, and speaks more cheerfully.*] Take my advice, sir—never leave either your warm bed, or the object of your affections, to grow cold during your absence. Ten days once sufficed to—[*Warms his bed.*]—but the story's long, and I've got to be in the city by nine, to-morrow morning. I'm a clerk in the Transfer Office, and the Bank's *rayther* particular.

Stran. Damn the Bank! damn office hours! Come, come—give me the curtailed abbreviation of your story.

Snob. In a word, then—I was once engaged to be married; and, like the spoon of whom you were speaking just now (for there is a singular analogy between our destinies) I was forced to absent myself from my plighted love. (This pan's as hot as the devil—I've burnt my fingers!) Confiding in her fidelity, I returned on the tenth day, sir—little suspecting, alas! that a dirty fellow of a rival had already supplanted me.

Stran. The devil he had!

Snob. The door, sir, was closed in my face! [*Warms the pillow.*]

Stran. As in mine, an hour ago.

Snob. But I was not the man to stand hammering upon a senseless knocker, when—[*Stranger turns round.*]—I mean no insinuation, sir—none whatever. I determined to quit the place for ever—when lo! and behold, just as I was casting a look upon the windows of my lost idol, I perceived [*Mysteriously.*]—by the light of the lamp within, two shadows—[*The opposite window becomes light, and two shadows appear.*]—the reflexion of a man and of a woman, engaged in the most tender familiarity! [*The shadows of a Man and a Woman appear in the opposite window. The Stranger, seeing them, utters a cry.*] Anything the matter?

Stran. A light in my wife's chamber! Look——[*The shadows embrace.*]

Snob. Just such a phantasmagoria as enlightened me! Poor gentleman! [*The shadows disappear—the Stranger falls upon the seat formerly occupied by Snobbington.*]

Stran. It is all over with me—I shall never hold up my head again?

Snob. (*Retreats, and sits upon the warming pan, which he has left in the bed.*) I feel for you keenly. [*Shrieks.*] By Jupiter, my bed's on fire!

Stran. (*Faintly.*) Water—for pity's sake—water!

Snob. (*Pours the contents of the water jug into his bed.*) Only the warming-pan, I protest!

Stran. (*Faintly.*) A glass of water!

Snob. I've used the last drop!

Stran. I'll be revenged——[*Starting up.*] Lend me a gun—a sword—a pistol—a broomstick—a stone, or any other missile! [*Snatches the watch from the chimney-piece, and flings it through the opposite window.*]

Snob. (*Rushing to the chimney-piece.*) What have you discharged? Speak——

Stran. They have disappeared—wretches!

Snob. I say, what have you discharged?

Stran. The debt of vengeance!

Snob. My watch—my gold watch—double-capped, and duplex movement!

Stran. I will pursue them with the utmost rigour of the law!

Snob. My watch!

Stran. I will prosecute them as the act directs——

Snob. My watch!

Stran. Who the devil cares about your watch? There—take mine.

Snob. A turnip! A thing that might serve the whole city, when St. Paul's clock was repairing. [*Throws it on the table.*]

Stran. (*Going.*) Sir, you shall hear from me——

Snob. Whither are you hurrying?

Stran. (*In a sepulchral tone.*) To the commission of a great crime!

Snob. (*Aside.*) If I could but creep out, and call in the police——

Stran. To the consummation of my destinies! To the Old Bailey—to the New Dock! [*Going.*]

Snob. Stop—stop, sir. [*Aside.*] That I should now want to

detain him! [*Aloud.*] Another half hour, sir—ten minutes—five——

Stran. Not one!

Snob. Nay, then——*They struggle—Snobbington, with his skirts torn, rushes out of the room, and locks the door after him.*

Stran. No matter—my resolution is taken. The traitor shall not escape me. Stay! by tying the sheets together, I might drop into the street. [*Palls the bed to pieces, and begins to tie the sheets together, then throws open the window. Snobbington puts his head in at the door, and sees him with the bundle of sheets under his arm. Daylight appears.*]

Snob. Carrying off my sheets, I protest! Thieves! murder! fire! [*Rushes towards him, leaving the door open—tears away the sheets.*]

Stran. Don't attempt to detain me! [*Drags him to the open window.*] Look, sir—I appeal to your feelings! A post chaise is at the door of No. 22, waiting to carry off the invader of my honour!

Snob. There is a post chaise, sure enough.

Stran. If it carries the caitiff off alive, my name's not Ebenezer Cricket!

Snob. Cricket? Why that's the name of the lady on the first floor, who came in yesterday. "Mrs. Ebenezer Cricket." The landlady told me she was expecting her husband from the country.

Stran. After all, she had changed her lodgings. Have I, they wronged my Clementina?

Snob. Clementina? Why that's the name of the faithless creature who was hocussed from me by——

Stran. (*Shakes hands violently, then throws himself into his arms.*) Snobbington (*I think you must be Snobbington?*) forgive me. I shall never forgive myself! [*Tumult without.*]

Snob. (*Looking out.*) God bless my soul! my cries have assembled the police—all the neighbours are on the look out. [*Heads appear at the opposite window. Cries of "What's the matter?"*] The wholestreet is in an uproar. This is a street that's rayther particular. [*Looks out.*]

A Female Voice. Policeman, is there any danger? I'm an unprotected female.

Snob. (*Drawing in his head.*) My Clementina's voice! My Clementina under the same roof!

Stran. Your Clementina? Let me fly to her relief [*Going.*] I'm all of a puzzle to know why Mrs. Cricket

minutes, and her lodgings without apprizing me, and so caused
 matter to miscarry? [*In gathering up his coat and hat, he*
throws over Snobbington.] I'll be back with you in a
 with a

fter his. Thank you—thank you! No need of so much
 traits—I can wait!

gether, an. There! [*Noise without—a crash.*] The police has
 and red the house. 'Tis a pity you should have caused all
 wind, ado about nothing.

im Snob. Nothing? [*Shows his torn skirts.*] Do you call that
 ing? Five-and-thirty shillings won't cover the damage
 ieve, 've done. After robbing me of my Clementina, you've
 open, ke my furniture, my watch, my spirits, the Queen's
 ce, and the windows of my opposite neighbours.

to Stran. Come, come, old fellow——

! Snob. Don't old fellow me, sir.

ry Stran. We're going to be fellow-lodgers, you know, in
 as house.

Snob. And I warrant you'll always be bringing a mob
 ound the door. However, I throw myself on the protec-
 on of the public, whose active interposition will, I trust,
 nable me, in spite of your antics, long to enjoy the plea-
 ures of "A GOOD NIGHT'S REST."

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Fisher's Edition of Standard Farces.

A
GOOD NIGHT'S REST,

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

WITH COSTUME, CAST OF CHARACTERS, AND THE WHOLE OF

THE STAGE BUSINESS,

AS NOW PERFORMED IN ALL

THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

PHILADELPHIA:

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52 CHATHAM ST., NEW-YORK.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1840	London.	New York.	Philadelphia.
	ORIGINAL.	PARK.	CHATHAM STREET. CHESNUT STREET.
MR. SNOBBINGTON	Mr. W. Bennett.	Mr. Chippendale.	Mr. Browne.
STRANGER.	Mr. J. Lee.	" Richings.	" Blake.
			Mr. W. F. Johnson.
			" Murdock.

Philadelphia.	Boston.
WALNUT STREET.	TREMONT. NATIONAL.
MR. SNOBBINGTON.	Mr. Burton.
STRANGER.	" McBride.
	Mr. Gilbert.
	" Murdock.
	Mr. Spear.
	" Brown.

COSTUME.

SNOBBINGTON.—Coloured morning gown, black small clothes, white stockings, slippers, white night-cap.

STRANGER.—Brown body coat, plaid (black and white) trowsers, blue waistcoat.

First performed at the New Strand Theatre, July, 1839.—*Time of Representation, 30 minutes.*

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.

SCENE—*A Bed Room in a Lodging House, with a large Window, c. commanding a view of the opposite House. On one side a tent Bed, on the other a Fire-place with Coal-scuttle and clothes horse, near it an Easy Chair. Table with Candles, Newspapers, &c. &c.*

SNOBBINGTON *discovered asleep, in a dressing gown; a violent knocking at the opposite house.*

Snobbington. (waking.) Hillo! what the deuce is that? Come in—*(Pause.)* Nobody! I fancy I fell asleep over the newspaper, and have been dreaming in my easy chair. Bad thing to sleep in one's chair—spoils one's night's rest; and when a man's rest's broke, there's an end of him. However, since I left my noisy quarters in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and taken lodgings here in the *quiet, rural retirement* of Somer's Town, I havent had much to complain of.—*(stretching and yawning.)* If that deuce debate hadn't made me so drowsy, I should have been in bed these two hours. *(winds up his watch.)* And now, to make myself amends, *(blows out one candle, and removes the other to the bedside.)* I'll step into bed, and *(turns down the clothes.)* make sure of a good night's rest! *(is about to throw off his dressing gown, when the knock is repeated.)* God bless my soul! it made me jump out of my skin! *(knock.)* The gentleman's in a hurry. One would think the house was on fire. *(knock.)* This is beyond a joke!—*(knock.)* A perfect nuisance!—*(knock.)* A regular pest! I wasn't aware of having such disorderly neighbours. *(knock.)* 'Tis some obstropolous single gentleman returning late from the Opera, and locked out by his landlady. *(knock.)* If it goes on, I hope I mayn't be tempted to throw a jug of water out upon his head! I hired these lodgings in a street that called itself

"No Thoroughfare," for the express purpose of living snug, and being sure of my night's rest, and I call this a regular imposition! I'll give notice to quit to-morrow morning! (*knock.*) But what's to become of me for the rest of my quarter? (*goes to the window.*) The noise is just opposite. (*knock.*) I'll give the fellow my opinion of his conduct. (*Throws open the window and addresses a person in the street.*) Pray, sir, do you call this behaving like a gentleman? I say, sir, do you call this behaving like a gentleman?

Stranger. Mind your own business, and be hanged to you!

Snobbington, (aside.) He won't stand being bullied, that's a clear case. Suppose I try the effect of a little neighbourly expostulation? (*Cajolingly.*) But don't you think, my dear sir, you could manage to knock a *leatle* more softly?

Stranger. Don't you think, my dear sir, you could manage to go to sleep, and leave me to settle my family affairs? [*knocks.*]

Snobbington. Manage to go to sleep? This is adding insult to injury! Sir, I'd have you to know——

Stranger. You'd have me to know? Pray who are you, and where——

Snobbington. The second floor of number twelve.

Stranger. Then Mr. Second-floor, I recommend you to shut your window, and hold your tongue!

Snobbington. With all my heart, if *you'll* promise to go quietly into your house, and not disturb other people's rest!

Stranger. Go quietly into my house? Which way, pray? Down the chimney? Don't you see that I'm locked out! [*Knocks.*]

Snobbington. No, but I *hear* it. (*knock.*) Lord! lord! what a persecution. (*knock.*) Now, my dear sir—be patient! be advised! Your servant is probably asleep—(everybody's asleep in the street—'tis an early neighbourhood.) Give him time to put on his things, there's a good fellow. Good night! (*closes the window—coughs.*) I've certainly caught cold. The night air will bring on a relapsé of my catarrh. But all's quiet now—the gentleman seems to have succeeded. All I've got to do is to step into bed—get into a gentle perspiration, and enjoy a good night's rest. (*arranges his bed—knock repeated very loud.*) 'Pon my life, this is carrying

matters too far ! (*runs in a passion, and throws open the windows.*) Sir, if you persist in this unmannerly conduct, I will certainly call the Police !

Stranger. Call and be——

Snobbington. Your proceedings are a disgrace to this peaceful, respectable neighbourhood !

Stranger. A fig for your peaceful, respectable neighborhood ! I've no great opinion of it.

Snobbington, (Loud.) Say that again, and I'll indict you before the quarter sessions.

Stranger. Hold your noise—hold your noise !

Snobbington. That's just what I have been begging *you* to do for the last half hour. But you have no respect for the decencies of life !

Stranger. Don't talk to *me* about the decencies of life ! I should like to see *you* locked out of house, and home at two o'clock in the morning, when 'tis raining cats and dogs over your head !

Snobbington. Does it rain ?

Stranger. Pours !

Snobbington. If an umbrella would be of any service—

Stranger. Confound your umbrella !

[*Knocks again, without intermission.*]

Snobbington. A running fire ! my head aches ready to split. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels ! I'd as soon pass the night in a Dover Packet. What *can* the Police be about ? (*Looks out.*) Pray, sir, how long is this charming serenade to continue ?

Stranger. Till they open the door. Would you have me stand tamely, to be rained upon, like a cow in a paddock, or the guilt statue in Leicesterfields ? [knocks.]

Snobbington. A thought strikes me. I'm *rayther* particular in general about admitting strangers ; but—(*knock.*) there really seems no alternative. (*takes off his night cap.*) Sir ! *would* you do me the honour to step in ?

Stranger. Into where ?

Snobbington. My apartments. You will be glad, perhaps of shelter from the rain, (*aside.*) and I of a moment's respite from your cursed rat-a-tat-te-rat !

Stranger. Sir, you're vastly obliging.

Snobbington. (aside.) 'Tis my only chance of securing a comfortable nigh'ts rest : my only chance.

Stranger. Before I accept your offer, I'll just make a last attempt.

Snobbington, (eagerly.) No, not a rap! I'll throw you out the key of the door, and give you house-room till morning; or you may enjoy your ducking and your own way; and when the patrol comes round, as I'm a living man, I'll give you into custody!

Stranger. He's getting wicked. The second-floor? Well, of two bad things I choose the best. So out with your key, my fine fellow, and show a light on the staircase.

Snobbington, (throwing the key.) The second floor to the street. Make no noise, and don't tumble over the door mat. 'Pon my life, this is a rash proceeding of mine! I don't know what the landlady and the other lodgers will say; they're *rayther* particular. But I'm so plaguy sleepy, I'd give half a crown to secure the remainder of my night's rest. (*going to the door—noise without.*) There! I knew he'd tumble over the back dining room's boots, which are always left out to be cleaned.

[*Opens the door, with candles in his hand,*

Enter STRANGER, impatiently.

Softly, softly! you'll disturb the house.

Stranger. The house indeed! a very pretty house it is if I'm to judge by the staircase. I'd as soon climb into a hay loft—a fine break-neck concern! [*Feels his shins.*

Snobbington, (putting down the candle.) Please to shut the door, my good sir—I'm *rayther* particular about draughts.

Stranger, (not attending—goes to window and throws it open.) By jingo! exactly opposite my own lodgings!—There's a coincidence! (*SNOBBINGTON shuts the door sulkily*) Why you've a full command of my room!

Snobbington, (aside.) I wish I had of my own.

Stranger. (not hearing.) I beg your pardon?

Snobbington. I said, I supposed you were one of the lodgers at number twenty two.

[*STRANGER not attending, turns round—SNOBBINGTON closes the window behind him.*

Stranger. It wouldn't be believed in a novel.

Snobbington. What? your getting admitted into my house?

Stranger. No, my being locked out of my *own*. Allow me to ask you, now, as a man of honour. *Do you think they heard me knock?*

Snobbington. If they didn't lord ha' mercy on their ears!

Stranger. Then it must have been malice prepense! I can put up with an *affront* like another man, but I can't stand malice prepense. To shut the door of my peaceful home upon me on a night when you might launch a gun-brig in the kennel. I'm positively wet to the skin!

[Shakes himself—SNOBBINGTON takes a towel from the clothes horse, and wipes the floor.]

Snobbington, (aside.) Drips like a water-spaniel. *(aloud, still wiping.)* I'm rayther particular about damp.

Stranger (sprinkling the floor as he moves.) I might as well have passed the evening in the New River! *(sees SNOBBINGTON wiping the floor.)* What the dickins are you about?

Snobbington. As I said before—I'm rayther particular about—

Stranger. (not attending, takes off his coat and squeezes it.) Not a dry thread about me! *(SNOBBINGTON brings on a mop—STRANGER laughs, aside.)* What an old maidish creature!—He's as fraid of wetting his feet as a tabby cat.

Snobbington, (aside.) I give it up! the place is in a perfect sop. *[Puts away the mop and throws himself panting into a chair.]*

Stranger. (at the window.) No lights stirring yonder. I begin to think she must be asleep.

Snobbington. I beg your pardon, sir, but——

Stranger, (not listening.) Sometimes the buzzing of a blue-bottle will wake her up—and to have returned no answer to all my knocking. Knocks, "*et pretenea nihil!*" There's mischief at the bottom of it, and I'll get to the bottom of the mischief. *[Paces the room.]*

Snobbington, (aside.) Does he mean to walk the quarter-deck all night, I wonder? *(rises and follows him.)* Sir, my watch goes with the Horse-Guards. It is now, nearly three in the morning. Would you have any particular objection to allow me to go to sleep?

Stranger, (scarcely attending.) Not in the least. Past three o'clock? and I'm usually in bed by eleven. I can't abide to loose my hearty sleep. *(tries to make a bootjack of*

the chair.) Hav'nt you got such a thing as a bootjack in this damned house? [*Throws his damp coat on the bed, and while he is arranging the pillow, SNOBBINGTON snatches it off.*

Snobbington. I beg pardon! I'm *rayther* particular about sleeping alone.

Stranger. So am I! Is it possible sir, that you have not got a second bed?

Snobbington. If you're not satisfied, sir, you're at perfect liberty to——

Stranger. Hang your apologies; I always take things as I find them, as the fellow said when he picked up the ten pound note. To think of shutting my own door in my face; and in a pelting, pitiless storm. King Lear was a fool to it!

Snobbington, (losing patience.) Come, come, sir—grumbling won't mend the matter. The night's wearing apace, and I'm as tired as a dog! Let's make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. I'm just stepping into bed; and there's an easy chair yonder, in which, for once in a way, you may enjoy a good night's rest.

Stranger. ~~Sleep~~ in an easy chair? Ay, easy enough to say, "sleep." However, I don't want to raise difficulties. Can't you lend me some trifling matters to throw over my shoulders? I'm subject to lumbago. (*SNOBBINGTON pretending not to hear, rolls himself in his dressing gown and lies down, while the STRANGER takes a coat from a peg and puts it on.*) How wonderful wide you must be across the shoulders, old fellow!

Snobbington, (looking out of bed.) My Sunday coat! I beg pardon—I'm *rayther* particular about that coat.

Stranger. So am I about mine—but you see it's so wringing wet, I'm obliged to have recourse to this old pea.

Snobbington. Let me beg of you not to let the sleeves hang down on the damp floor. (*aside*) I begin to repent having invited this impudent fellow into my house. But it can't be helped now—I've only to make the best of it. (*sits on the bed.*) I'll thank you, sir, when you're settled, to put out the light. I'm *rayther* particular about fire.

Stranger. You're a single man then, I presume?

Snobbington, (who is beginning to lie down.) Have you any particular motive for asking?

Stranger, (pacing the room again.) A bachelor! free from the thralldom, the perils and dangers of matrimonial life.—Sir, you're a happy man! [continues to pace the room

Snobbington, (groaning.) If you call this happiness——

Stranger. While I——

Snobbington. Sir, if you continue to trot over the course in that outrageous manner, you'll wake the first floor—a young lady, sir, who came to lodge here only yesterday.

Stranger. Enough, enough—if a lady's in the case. (takes a chair and bangs it down.) Though that ungrateful sex is the origin of my present predicament.

Snobbington. Good God, sir, have you no nerves?

Stranger. I beg pardon. My impetuosity is apt to run away with me.

Snobbington, (aside.) If it would only run away with you out of my house.

Stranger, (continuing.) And though as peaceful a man when unprovoked, as any living, still sir, the sense of injury—

[Bangs the chair again.

Snobbington. I'm rayther particular about my furniture. (A knocking on the ceiling.) There, sir! there's the front-attic in a pucker at your kicking up such a deuce of a row.—(aside.) What could possess me to let this rumpageous fellow into the house? (The STRANGER is absorbed in his own reflection, has thrown open the window, and how vastly cold it has turned all of a sudden. He looks up, would you oblige me by throwing something over the bed?

Stranger, (at the window.) Yes, faithless Clementina! here do I take up my post for the night. Cold, cold, unfeeling woman!

[Gesticulates.

Snobbington. I say, sir, would you oblige me by—— (Draws back the curtain, and sees the window open.) This is too much! Do you mean to be the death of me? Didn't I tell you I was labouring under a catarrh!

Stranger, (not listening.) Here will I watch over thy proceedings!

Snobbington. Once far all, sir, if you don't shut the window this very moment——

[About to get out of bed.

Stranger, (closing the window.) Don't trouble yourself, my good friend. Pray make no stranger of me. I beg you will feel yourself perfectly at home.

Snobbington, (aside.) I'm in for it! 'tis useless to put oneself in a passion.

Stranger. Indebted to your hospitality for my night's lodging, I'm bound you know, to put up with your little whims and fancies; *(aside.)* though I must say you've *rayther* more odd ways than any old sprig of a bore I ever came across in my life!

Snobbington, (rolling himself round.) Good night to you, then, I'll try if possible to get a wink of sleep! [*Yawns.*]

Stranger, (seated in a chair by the fire.) Have you lived long, pray, in this street? *(No answer. Louder)* I asked, sir, whether you had lived long in this neighbourhood?—Yes, did you say? 'Then by Jove, you're the very man I'm in want of! *(Goes to the bed and draws open the curtain suddenly.)* I feel that I must open my heart to you! Sir, you behold the most injured of the human race! *(Gives a violent thump on the head of the bed)* You're to know that—

[*Thumps again—*SNOBINGTON *groans.*]

Snobbington. Stop one minute——

Stranger. What's the matter?

Snobbington. I'm getting up. If I sit nearer, perhaps you won't talk quite so loud. *(Takes off his night cap.)* Since you are so kind I shant enjoy my nights rest, let me at least enj—— chimney-corner.

Stranger. That is what I call being sociable!

Snobbington. You've waked me into such a fit of the fidgets that I'm as active as a squirrel.

[*Places another chair.*]

Stranger, (lighting the second candle.) If you could but imagine how I long for the break of day.

Snobbington. Not more than I do! *(Blows out the first candle.—aside.)* It would make too much of a rumpus in the house, if I were to turn him out in the middle of the night *(STRANGER puts on coals. Aloud.)* Making up the fire?

Stranger, (in a narrative tone.) As I told you before my dear friend, I have the misfortune to be a married man.

Snobbington, (taking the coal-scuttle) You never said any such thing, that I remember.

Stranger, (as before.) My marriage was one of those favourite blunders called a love match. How deucedly your chimney smokes?

Snobbington. Proceed, sir—proceed.

Stranger, (as before.) Three months after the event—
Supposing I were to open the window?

Snobbington. Three months after your marriage, you say—

Stranger. Ay—between three and four months. Pray, sir, are you acquainted with Ealing?

Snobbington. Ealing, sir? I was born there.

Stranger. You have the advantage of me. I am a native of the other extremity of Middlesex, to wit—I am the production of Brentford. (*Mechanically lights the second candle.*) Nevertheless, to Ealing is attached the most heart-rending recollection of my life. (*puts on more coals.*) I forget whether I told you I was married?

Snobbington. Yes, yes—go on! [*takes the coal scuttle from him, and carries it to the other end of the room.*]

Stranger. When I first beheld my future wife—(**SNOBBINGTON** blows out the first candle.)—I was aware that she had already smiled upon a spoon of a fellow—(that's the worst of it! the poor soul had a trick of smiling upon people—'tis her weak side.)

Snobbington. The deuce it is! Ahem! I begin then to understand the nature of your sorrow.

Stranger, (rising gravely.) I trust ~~she~~ you intend no unhandsome insinuations?

Snobbington. None in the world—none in the world. (**STRANGER** sits down.) You left off at the “spoon of a fellow”——

Stranger. An obstacle which served only to kindle a two-fold flame. (*lights the candle.*) I learned that my rival had been ten days absent.

Snobbington, (growing interested.) Ten days? (*sighs.*) A critical period, sir. I, at least, once found it so myself!

Stranger. Profiting by his negligence, I pushed my suit so briskly, that almost before I knew what I was about, I had placed the nuptial ring upon the finger of my charmer. This fire don't burn——[*Is about to thrust in some paper, which he has taken from the table.*]

Snobbington. Excuse me—(*takes it away.*)—'tis the receipt for my last quarter's rent.

Stranger. My rival, meanwhile, kept aloof; aware that if he fell in my way, I might be tempted to annihilate him

into nothingness—(*Crushes a bundle of pens on the table.*)—thus! (SNOBBINGTON *groans.*) But why dwell upon a single rival? Wedded to a woman of such unbounded sensibility—(*Takes a stick of sealing wax from the table.*)—I soon recognized the fragility of——

Snobbington, (trying to take away the wax.) Excuse me—
[*They struggle, the wax breaks in half.*]

Stranger. But what makes you so red?

Snobbington, (angrily.) Impatience, sir—(*Coolly.*)—impatience, to hear the rest of your interesting narrative.

Stranger. Sympathetic man! Well, sir, as I was saying—I happened to be absent from home—at Brentford—on family business—

Snobbington, (aside.) Incoherent blockhead!

Stranger. Having concluded, which to my satisfaction, I wrote to acquaint my wife that she might be in hourly expectation of my return. (*Takes the penknife and fences with it.*) In order to defy the blunders of the post office, I confided my letter to——(SNOBBINGTON *seizes the knife and places it farther off.*)—a private hand. Never while you live confide a letter to a private hand—(*Takes the watch and examines the works.*)—very few people are to be trusted with ~~such~~ matters.

Snobbington. I'm rayther particular about my watch.

[*Puts it on the chimney-piece.*]

Stranger. Well, sir—I quitted Brentford on this evening's coach—(*takes the paper knife.*)—expecting that on my arrival at my own door, an affectionate wife would fling herself into my arms, supper ready on the table, and everything comfortable, instead of which—(*Dashes down the paper knife, and breaks it.*)—you know the rest! My heart is broken!

Snobbington, (picking up the pieces. Aside.) Would it were your head! (*while he is placing the fragments on the chimney piece, the STRANGER takes his chair. Aloud.*) Well, sir—I trust it may appear that the lady never received your letter of advice. Time will show. And now, as I've heard your story patiently to an end, I must beg you will allow me, in return the remainder of my night's rest!

Stranger. Your *night's* rest? Why 'twill be daylight in an hour! Never mind—turn in! Stand on no ceremony—this is Liberty Hall.

Snobbington, (*aside.*) I feel monstrous chilly. My bed must be cold by this time. Supposing I give it a turn with the warming pan? (*takes down the pan, fills it with coals and speaks more cheerfully.*) Take my advice, sir—never leave either your warm bed, or the object of your affections, to grow cold during your absence. 'Ten days once sufficed to—(*warms his bed.*) but the story's long, and I've got to be in the city by nine, to morrow morning. I'm a clerk in the Transfer Office, and the Bank's *rayther* particular.

Stranger. Damn the Bank! damn office hours! Come, come—give me the curtailed abbreviation of your story.

Snobbington. In a word, then—I was once engaged to be married; and, like the spoon of whom you were speaking just now, (for there is a singular analogy between our destinies) I was forced to absent myself from my plighted love. (This pan's as hot as the devil—I've burnt my fingers! Confiding in her fidelity, I returned on the tenth day, sir—little suspecting, alas! that a dirty fellow of a rival had already supplanted me.

Stranger. The devil he had!

Snobbington. The door, sir, was closed in my face!

[*Warms the pillow.*]

Stranger. As mine an hour ago.

Snobbington. But I was not the man to stand hammering upon a senseless knocker, when—(STRANGER turns round) I mean no insinuation, sir—none, whatever. I determined to quit the place forever—when lo! and behold, just as I was casting a look upon the windows of my lost idol, I perceived (*Mysteriously*)—by the light of the lamp within, two shadows—(*The opposite window becomes light, and two shadows appear.*) the reflexion of a man and of a woman, engaged in the most tender familiarity! (*The shadows of a Man and Woman appear in the opposite window. The STRANGER seeing them utters a cry.*) Any thing the matter?

Stranger. A light in my wife's chamber! Look—[*The two shadows embrace.*]

Snobbington. Just such a phantasmagoria as enlightened me! Poor gentleman! [*The shadows disappear—the STRANGER falls on the seat formerly occupied by SNOBBINGTON.*]

Stranger; It is all over with me—I shall never hold up my head again.

Snobbington, (*retreats and sits upon the warming-pan which he has left in the bed.*) I feel for you keenly. (*shrieks.*) By Jupiter, my bed's on fire!

Stranger, (*faintly.*) Water—for pity's sake—water!

Snobbington, (*pours the contents of the water jug into his bed.*) Only the warming-pan, I protest!

Stranger, (*faintly.*) A glass of water!

Snobbington. I've used the last drop!

Stranger. I'll be revenged—(*starting up.*) Lend me a gun—a sword—a pistol—a broomstick—a stone or any other missile! [*Snatches the watch from the chimney piece, and flings it through the opposite window.*]

Snobbington, (*rushing to the chimney piece.*) What have you discharged? Speak——

Stranger. They have disappeared—wretches!

Snobbington. I say what have you discharged?

Stranger. The debt of vengeance!

Snobbington. My watch—my gold watch—double-capped and duplex movement.

Stranger. I will pursue them with the utmost rigor of the law!

Snobbington. My watch!

Stranger. I will prosecute them as the act directs——

Snobbington. My watch!

Stranger. Who the devil cares about your watch? There, take mine.

Snobbington. A turnip! A thing that might serve the whole city, when St. Paul's clock was repairing.

[*Throws it on the table.*]

Stranger, (*going.*) Sir, you shall hear from me——

Snobbington. Whither are you hurrying?

Stranger, (*in a sepulchral tone.*) To the commission of a great crime!

Snobbington, (*aside.*) If I could but creep out, and call in the police——

Stranger. To the consummation of my destinies! To the Old Bailey—to the New Dock! [*Going.*]

Snobbington. Stop—stop, sir. (*aside.*) That I should now want to detain him! (*aloud.*) Another half hour, sir—ten minutes—five——

Stranger. Not one!

Snobbington. Nay then—[*They struggle* SNOBBINGTON, with his skirts torn, rushes out of the room, and locks the door after him.

Stranger. No matter—my resolution is taken. The traitor shall not escape me. Stay! by tying the sheets together, I might drop into the street. [*Pulls the bed to pieces, and begins to tie the sheets together, then throws open the window.* SNOBBINGTON puts his head in at the door, and sees him with the bundle of sheets under his arm. Daylight appears.

Snobbington. Carrying off my sheets, I protest. Thieves! murder! fire! [*Rushes toward him, leaving the door open, tears away the sheets.*

Stranger. Don't attempt to detain me! (*Drags him to the open window.*) Look, sir—I appeal to your feelings! A post chaise is at the door of No. 22, waiting to carry off the invader of my honour!

Snobbington. There is a post chaise sure enough.

Stranger. If it carries the catiff off alive, my name's not Ebenezer Cricket!

Snobbington. Cricket? Why that's the name of the lady on the first floor, who came in yesterday. "Mrs. Ebenezer Cricket." The landlady told me she was expecting her husband from the country.

Stranger. After all, she had changed her lodgings. Have I, then wronged my Clementina?

Snobbington. Clementina? Why that's the name of the faithless creature who was hocussed from me by——

Stranger, (*shakes hands violently, then throws himself into his arms.*) Snobbington, (*I think you must be Snobbington?*) forgive me. I never shall forgive myself!

[*Tumult without.*

Snobbington, (*Looking out.*) God bless my soul! my cries have assembled the police—all the neighbors are on the lookout (*Heads appear at the opposite window—Cries of "What's the matter?"*) The whole street is in an uproar. This is a street that's *rayther* particular. [*Looks out.*

A Female Voice. Policeman, is there any danger? I'm an unprotected female.

Snobbington, (*drawing in his head.*) My Clementina's voice? My Clementina under the same roof.

Stranger. Your Clementina? Let me fly to her relief. (*Going.*) I'm all of a puzzle to know why Mrs. Cricket changed her lodgings without apprising me, and so caused my letter to miscarry? (*In gathering up his coat and hat he nearly throws over SNOBBINGTON,*) I'll be back with you in a jiffy!

Snobbington. Thank you—thank you! No need of so much hurry—I can wait!

Stranger. There! ((*Noise without—a crash.*) The police has entered the house. 'Tis a pity you should have caused all this ado about nothing.

Snobbington. Nothing? (*Shows his torn skirts*) Do you call that nothing? Five-and-thirty shillings won't cover the damage you've done. After robbing me of my Clementina, you've broke my furniture, my watch, my spirits, the queen's peace, and the windows of my opposite neighbours.

Stranger. Come, come, old fellow—

Snobbington. Don't old fellow me, sir.

Stranger. We're going to be fellow-lodgers, you know, in this house.

Snobbington. And I warrant you'll always be bringing a mob round the door. However, I throw myself on the protection of the public, whose active interposition will, I trust, enable me, in spite of your antics, long to enjoy the pleasure of "A GOOD NIGHT'S REST."

THE END.